

DEAD FALL THE MORGUES, DYING THE HOSPITALS

MORE GHASTLY THAN A BATTLEFIELD, SAYS BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS.

God forbid that I ever again see such a heartrending sight. I have been in wars and upon the bloody field of battle, but in all my experience I have never seen anything half so gruesome as the sight that met my eyes when, with the aid of a tiny lantern, I was finally able to penetrate the inky darkness of the balcony.

There was a pile of twisted and bleeding bodies ten feet high, with blackened faces and remnants of charred clothing clinging to them. Some were alive and moaning in their agony. Others, and by far the greater number, were dead. I assisted in carrying many of the injured down and ministered to them the best I could.—Samuel Fallows, Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church.

been taken there are 157 sufferers. Of these 50 will die; probably some are now dead. The missing numbers 314, but it is probable that many of these will eventually be accounted for.

The death toll will number more than 600. Whole families have been wiped out. The calamity affects not alone Chicago, but the entire middle West, for in the Iroquois Theatre were scores of persons from other cities visiting friends or relatives here.

The horror of the fire grows with every hour. Thousands clamor about the morgues, and every train from nearby points in Illinois and Indiana brings anxious relatives of persons who have been spending the holidays here and might have attended the performance yesterday.

Continued sight of dead bodies lying huddled on the floors and tables of the various city morgues proved too much this afternoon for some of the jurors impanelled by Coroner Traeger. Several of the members of the jury objected to being forced to view the bodies and one juror, Joseph Cummings, practically collapsed at Rolston's morgue, where the jury was forced to step over the dead bodies in their tour of inspection.

CURTAIN CAUSED TRAGEDY.

Employees of the Iroquois Theatre place the terrible loss of life to the "jamming" of the asbestos curtain. Had it worked properly they say the fire would have been confined to the stage alone. At every performance of the show the asbestos curtain has been raised and lowered. It has always run smoothly, according to the employees. It was so arranged that should one of the cables holding it break the curtain would descend by its own weight. The asbestos curtain was held by four steel cables. It slid up and down on and was guided by two others, one on each side. These four cables extended above the gridiron, the framework which supported the tackle by which the scenery is raised and lowered, to the side wall. There they were attached to a large steel plate.

With characteristic energy Chicago has taken hold of the situation. The city government has assumed charge of the bodies of the dead and of the care of the injured. No question of expense is considered.

Possibly nothing could better typify the depth of the sympathy which is felt for those who suffered directly by the calamity than the action of the striking livery drivers. By a vote which was without a dissenting voice it was decided to establish a truce of ten days. President Albert Young, of the union, following the meeting, issued the following decree which was distributed broadcast:

"Owing to the great disaster to the public caused by the fire at the Iroquois Theatre, I do hereby declare a truce in the present strike of undertakers and livery drivers for ten days, and do further require that every man now on strike report at once to his respective place of employment and do everything in his power to assist his employer in caring for the wants of the public. Wages are to have no consideration."

In their turn the employees issued a call to their striking employees to return to work "irrespective of any previous affiliations with any and all organizations," and promising to protect them in all contingencies which may arise in the future.

All night long the crowds came and went around the morgues where the bodies of the victims of the disaster lay. There were the heads of families, brothers, sisters and men and women looking for those from outside cities who had been their guests. For hours they passed up and down before the long rows of the dead searching for the faces of their missing.

TWO TOTS WHO ARE SEARCHED FOR.

All night long search was kept up for Mary Dorothy Gartz, twelve years old, and Barbara Gartz, four years old, who attended the theatre with their aunt, Mrs. Adelaide Hopfield. To-day their bodies had not been found, and there seems to be no doubt that the children have perished. They are the daughters of A. F. Gartz, and the niece of R. T. Crane, the millionaire manufacturer of this city. Mrs. Hopfield was taken from the theatre severely burned about the head and shoulders. The children are believed to have been caught in the crush coming down from the balcony and to have been trampled to death on the staircase leading to the main floor.

Walter Zeisler, seventeen years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Zeisler, is among the missing. He is nephew of Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, the famous pianist.

A party consisting of Mrs. Lucy Garn, her two children, Frank, ten years old, and Willie, five years old; Harriet Wolfe, ten years old, daughter of Ludwig Wolfe, a millionaire business man, and Miss Burke, a dressmaker, is missing. Mr. Wolfe's entire family seemed all night through the hospital and morgues, but failed to find any trace of any member of the party.

Graeme Stewart, Republican National Committeeman from Illinois and candidate for Mayor against Carter Harrison last election, spent the entire night hunting for Mrs. F. Fox, of Winnetka, Ill., and her three children. Mrs. Fox is the daughter of W. M. Hoyt, who was President of the W. M. Hoyt Grocery Company, one of the wealthiest concerns of the kind in the West. Mrs. Fox was taken home, but none of her children was found. Mr. Stewart said the handkerchief of Hoyt Fox, twelve years old, has been found in the pocket of a suit upon the body of a boy at Rolston's Morgue. There is no doubt that it is the boy, although the features cannot be identified.

There was a pathetic scene at Rolston's Morgue when the body of John Van Ingen, eight years old, of Kenosha, Wis., was identified. Friends of the Van Ingen family had spent many hours searching at the request of Mr. and Mrs. Van Ingen, who were injured. To-day four of the Van Ingen children who are believed to have perished in the fire had not been accounted for. They are: Grace, two years old; Dotty, five years old; Mary, thirteen years old, and Edward, twenty years old.

NUNS CONDUCT A SAD SEARCH.

One of the saddest of the many scenes enacted in Thompson's restaurant, near the theatre, when many of the dead and wounded were taken immediately after the fire, was the search by a party of priests and nuns, headed by the Rev. J. M. Lintinger, of Otonagon, Mich., for Edith Horton and her sister, two young girls, who, in company with one of the convent sisters, had attended the performance. The body of Edith Horton was found in the restaurant, many of the nuns breaking down and weeping bitterly at the sight. The other Horton girl and the sister who accompanied them were not found.

Charles Dexter, of the Boston Baseball Club, and Frank Houseman, the old Chicago second baseman, with their families occupied a box. Both claimed that but for the presence of mind of Eddie Foy the death roll would have been doubled.

When the panic began Dexter and Houseman each made for and manned a door, leading into the alley on the north side of the theatre. The people in the balconies had already commenced to jump to the ground floor when Houseman and Dexter forced open their doors and they were compelled to lift away the maimed and the dead in order to permit of exits from the ground floor.

Houseman, having escorted his party out, took a position at his door and kept it from closing up by assisting people through. Finally forced away by the flames, Houseman got into the alley just in time to hear the agonized voice of a woman from a window in an upper gallery shrieking "Catch me." As the woman screamed she jumped and Houseman, catching her to the best of his ability broke her fall to the ground and she walked away unharmed.

Clinton G. Meeker, a clerk in the Registry Division of the Post-Office, living in the suburb of Irving Park, has probably lost in the fire his entire family, consisting of his wife, two daughters and two sons.

A friend called Mr. Meeker up on the telephone at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and asked him if any of his family had gone to the theatre. He answered that so far as he knew none of them had left home. When he reached home, however, he found only his mother-in-law there. "Where are Mabel and the children?" he asked.

"They have gone to the Iroquois Theatre," was the reply. "I dropped right down on my knees," said Mr. Meeker, "and prayed that God might spare them."

To-day Mr. Meeker had partially identified the bodies of his wife and two daughters. He failed to find any trace of his two sons.

SCENES OF HORROR NOW IN THEATRE

Amid the Wreck of the Interior Lay Everywhere Scorched Bits of Clothing and Fragments of the Charred Bodies.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—By order of Coroner Traeger the theatre was to-day placed under a tight police guard. No person could enter without a written order from Chief of Police O'Neil, who was notified that he would be held responsible for keeping the theatre building in the exact condition in which it was left by the sweep of the flames.

Thirty policemen were stationed across the front of the building and twenty guarded the rear. Within were thirty more officers, the whole interior, including the stairways and fire-bitten balconies being jealously guarded.

An additional detail of policemen went through the burned building from top to bottom. There were fears that in the basement, beneath ten feet of muddy water, would be found more victims of the smoke and fumes. Big fire-engines that before had deluged the place, were to-day being utilized to draw forth dozens of streams of thick, murky water from the basement, while a dozen firemen in hip-boots made a thorough search of the basement for bodies. None, however, were found. Thousands of the curious tried vainly to reach the scene of the fire. The police, however, permitted no loitering on either side of the street near by. If they did the on-lookers would have seen nothing out of the ordinary, for the exterior of the building was the same as before the fire.

The giant stone head of an Iroquois Indian over the grand entrance, fitting symbol of the cruelty of the disaster, stood forth from a front unscathed by smoke or water.

Though scenes without the interior of the theatre marked it as a true scene of horror. Upon the marble staircases of the left and right wings were the mess and confusion of the grim march of the bearers of the dead. Among the thousands of bits of brilliantly colored glass shattered in the light against the flames lay many scorched bits of clothing and occasional fragments of charred bodies. From the upper galleries the view seemed a reminder of a burned-out volcano crater. In a saloon near the theatre was being held a large pile of garments and first gathered up in the theatre after the fire. Five bushel baskets were filled with the shoes, gloves and handkerchiefs of the fleeing, terror-stricken women. Two barrels were needed to hold the evening and shoes found.

The greatest centre of excitement to-day was not the theatre, but Rolston's morgue. All the morgues were surrounded, but at Rolston's, where more bodies of the dead were taken than to any other, the scenes of horror were worst. About the doors of the place were massed hundreds of men, and surrounding them like a huge fan spread the hundreds of weeping women and children.

DOUBLE SEXTET WAS ON WHEN THE FLAMES STARTED

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—The fire started during the middle of the second act. The double sextet was on the stage singing, "Let Us Swear It in the Pale Moonlight." The costumes used in this number are pure white and the house is usually darkened during the scene.

From both sides of the stage soft blue lights were thrown on the girls in the song, the lights being projected from platforms erected about twelve or fifteen feet from the stage and just inside the proscenium arch. The lamps used in throwing these lights are operated by electricity, and the blowing out of a fuse on one of them flashed a spark on to a bit of the scenery technically known as a "border" which was hanging at the side.

The house electrician, who was standing near the switchboard controlling the lights of the house, noticed the flame. The city fireman, who is detailed to the stage whenever the theatre is open, noticed it at the same moment. The latter seized a fire tube and attempted to extinguish the flames, but the contents of the tube proved ineffective.

The scenery, composed of canvas and muslin, covered with paint, burned with lightning rapidity, and before either the fireman or the electrician could extinguish the blaze or pull the border down it had burned high out of their reach, and in almost a second the scenery was a mass of flames.

STARTED RUSH FOR DOORS.

That portion of the audience seated on the opposite side of the house, attracted by the commotion made by the fireman and electrician, noticed the flames and started the wild rush for the doors.

The production was one of the most stupendous scenically in the country, and from the gridiron or rigging loft of the theatre hung a dense mass of ropes and scenery, the latter highly inflammable canvas and muslin covered with paint and oils.

The flames licked up this stuff so quickly that it almost seemed like an explosion. The heat which arose to the loft and roof of the stage was intense, and the skylights were broken.

The fireman and electrician had rushed for the asbestos curtain, and the bell ordering it down was rung. It was started, but the breaking of the skylights and the opening of the exits in the auditorium created such a draught that it belled out when half way down and stuck.

Stage hands rushed to pull it down and climbed to the platforms on both sides of the proscenium. They pulled and hung with the weight of their bodies on it, but the pressure caused by the draught was too great and they could not move it.

The awful heat and smoke that arose in clouds to the fly-galleries drove the fly-men down. The curtain was hopeless.

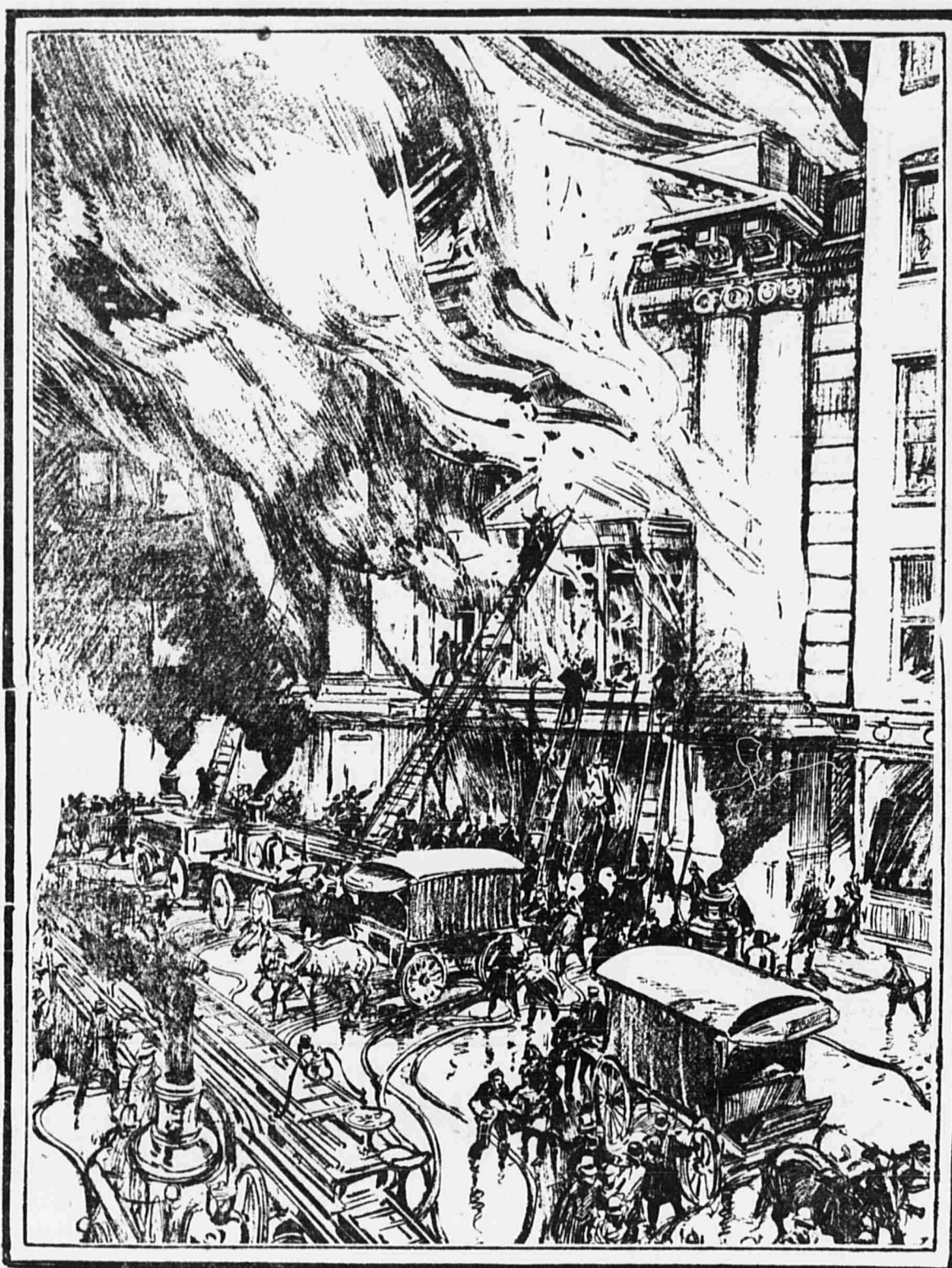
In the mean time, the chorus girls and players who had been standing in the wings waiting for their entrance after the sextet had begun screaming and rushing for their clothes. Some were in their dressing-rooms up four or five flights on the side of the stage. These heard the screams of their fellow players and came scrambling down the narrow stairs.

"PLAY, FOR GOD'S SAKE!" SHOUTED FOY.

Eddie Foy, who was in his dressing-room changing his costume, heard the commotion and rushed to the stage.

"Keep cool! Keep cool!" he shouted. "Go out quietly and don't crush."

FIREMEN RESCUING WOMEN FROM THE BURNING IROQUOIS THEATRE, IN CHICAGO.



DRAWING FROM TELEGRAPHED DESCRIPTION BY HARRY DART.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE OF SYMPATHY.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—The following message was received this morning:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.

To Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor, Chicago:

In common with all our people throughout this land I extend to you, to the people of Chicago, my deepest sympathy in the terrible catastrophe which has befallen them.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Then to Herbert Dillea, leader of the orchestra, he yelled, "Play! Play, Dill! For God's sake, keep playing!"

Dillea answered bravely, and with a word of command to his musicians raised his wand and started his men off in lively march. With pallid faces and trembling fingers, they answered, and swung into a quick-step. It was a brave effort, but it seemed like the mockery of the damned.

Out in the packed auditorium men and women, turned to beasts by the awful fear of death, were trampling each other, fighting and kicking their way toward the exits. Their screams and shrieks of fear and despair mingled with the rhythm of the march, and made an inferno of what had been a scene of peaceful enjoyment but a moment before.

On the stage the chorus girls were hysterical with fear, and were fleeing to the street in the tights and flimsy garments they wore in the production.

The men of the company were doing their best to help them out, and the stage hands were doing heroic work in helping. Guards took their stand at the foot of the stairs leading to the dressing-rooms, and would not allow any of the girls to go to them for their street clothing. There was no time.

The members of the aerial ballet, already fastened to their wires in readiness for the scene in which they were to swing up over the heads of the audience, were upstairs. They were unfastened by the men who operated the wires and fled to the street.

Some of the girls who were in the uppermost dressing-rooms did not hear the screams, and got their first warning from the smoke that poured in upon them like an avalanche.

Foy and those who were helping him were the last to leave. Hardly had they dashed out of the stage door when the gridiron, with its tons of ropes and scenery, fell in a blazing mass to the stage.

Out in the auditorium men, women and children were being crushed and trampled to death. Their shrieks mingled with the roar of the flames, and all attempts to check their mad panic were useless.

Dillea and his men in the orchestra had ceased playing when the gridiron fell. They dashed under the stage and up the narrow stairway by the stage entrance and made their escape. Some few persons in the front row of the orchestra followed them and made their way into the alley.

Before the gridiron and scenery fell the flames, creeping under the half-lowered asbestos curtain, had crept along the balcony, licking up with greedy haste the decorative front and spreading to the curtains and portieres.

Smoke rolled out from the stage in volumes, carried by the draught created by the broken skylights in the roof of the stage and open exits.

This smoke filled the auditorium, and women and children sank choking and gasping, only to be trampled to death by those behind them who were fighting their way to the exits.

It was in the balcony and gallery that death reaped its greatest harvest.

At the first alarm those nearest the stairways dashed out and so saved

CORONER SAYS BLAME WILL BE PUT WHERE IT BELONGS

"If Any Person Is Responsible for This Fire," He Adds, "He Will Be Prosecuted to the Fullest Extent of the Law—The Investigation Will Be Thorough."

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—With the announcement that one jury of representative citizens would listen to all the evidence regarding the fire and return a single verdict for all the victims, Coroner Traeger to-day promptly impanelled a jury.

The Coroner's jury is as follows: L. H. Meyer, Secretary of the Kennedy Furniture Company.

Dr. Peter Byrnes, salesman for Lyon & Healy.

Walter Klingman, salesman for the Tobey Furniture Company.

Joseph A. Cummings, manager of Browning, King & Co.

George W. Atkins, credit man for Marshall Field & Co.

John W. Fine, salesman for A. B. Revell & Co.

will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. "The investigation of the fire will be thorough. We will leave no stone unturned in our efforts to fix the responsibility."

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their lives. So quickly did the whole thing occur, however, that a minute had passed there was a mass of men, women and children packed around these stairways so tightly that it was almost impossible for any to move. Those who jumped were jumped on by others, and the passage became blocked by masses of bodies. Some were killed instantly. Others lay in the midst of the mass, their lives being slowly crushed out by the feet of those who came after them.

FIRE-ESCAPE DOORS USELESS.

As those nearest the stairways massed about them others rushed to the fire-escapes. The doors were closed—some rusted and others frozen tight.

The men in front threw themselves at them, but without avail. Like maniacs they beat upon them with their bare fists, and those behind kept crowding until it seemed as if the sheer weight of humanity would force the doors open.

The shrieks and walls of despair that went up when the crowds realized they had been trapped could be heard beyond the thick walls, and gave those in the streets below a faint idea of the suffering those inside were enduring.

As the doomed men, women and children crowded against the walls the flames crept nearer and nearer, licking up the cushions and seats as they advanced and sending clouds of smoke into the faces of those who watched with staring eyes the approach of death.

Suddenly one of the great doors gave way and a narrow plank was placed from the third story windows of the Northwestern Law and Dental School by three workmen who were employed in the school. Over this narrow, uncertain bridge more than two hundred women and children crept to safety.

With awful death staring them in the face the men in the burning building gave place to the women and children and fought back those who opposed them. A small boy started to cross the chasm only to lose his balance and go plunging down to the alley, three stories below. His mangled body was afterward recovered, but was unidentified.

DRIVEN FROM DOOR BY FLAMES.

The flames finally reached the doorway, driving the doomed wretches back into the living hell, their agonized screams ringing out as the flames reached them. From the windows of the school building one could look down into the theatre, which by this time was one great well of flame.

Down in that fiery abyss men, women and children could be seen rushing about like mad, flames barring every exit. Now and then a form would be seen to sink and the flames spring up over it as the clothing caught fire.

When the flames reached the gallery the men who had been instrumental in saving so many could do no more. The smoke and flames belched from the windows; now and then as the smoke cleared for an instant a white, agonized face would appear, only to fall back again to be seen no more.

It has been said of the catastrophe that if the people had remained in their seats and had not been excited by the cry of fire not a single life would have been lost. This, however, is contradicted by the statements of the firemen, who found numbers of persons sitting in their seats, their faces directed toward the stage, as if the performance was still going on. It was the opinion of the firemen that these people had been suffocated at once by the flow of gas which came from behind the asbestos curtain.

MOST OF AUDIENCE IN BALCONIES.

As near as can be estimated at the present time about 1,800 people were in the theatre. Three hundred of these were on the first floor, the balance being in the two upper balconies and in the hallways back of them.

The theatre is modelled after the Opera Comique in Paris, and from the rear of each balcony there are three doors leading out to passageways toward the front of the theatre. Two of these doorways are at the end of the balcony, one being in the centre. The audience in its rush for the outer air seems to have, for the greater part, chosen to flee to the left entrance and to have attempted to make its way down the stairs leading into the lobby of the theatre.

Outside of the people the eastern stairway leading into the lobby of the theatre, on the first and second balconies that the greatest loss of life occurred.

When the firemen entered the building the dead were found stretched in a pile reaching from the head of the stairway at least eight feet from the door back to a point about five feet in the rear of the door. This mass of dead bodies in the centre of the doorway reached to within two feet of the top of the passageway.

All of the corpses at this point were women and children.

The fight for life which must have taken place at these two points is something that is simply beyond human power adequately to describe. Only a faint idea of its horror could be derived from the aspect of the bodies as they lay. Women on top of these masses of dead had been overtaken by death as they were crawling on their hands and knees over the bodies of those who had died before.

As the police removed layer after layer of dead in these doorways the sight became too much even for police and firemen, hardened as they are to such scenes, to endure. The bodies were in such an inextricable mass and so tightly were they jammed between the sides of the door and the walls that it was impossible to lift them one by one and carry them out. The only possible thing to do was to seize a limb or some other portion of the body and pull with main strength.

As one by one the bodies were dragged out of the water-soaked blackened mass of corpses the spectacle became more and more heartrending. There were women whose clothing was torn completely from their bodies above the waist, who had been trampled beyond all power of identification. Bodies lay in the first and second balconies in great numbers.

Unassisted the girl made her way over the heads of terror-stricken men, women and children.

When she reached the street her clothing was torn almost into shreds.

At the first alarm those nearest the stairways dashed out and so saved

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All
sufferers behind the money if it fails to cure.
Dr. W. D. Wood's signature is on each box. 25c. a box.

SUNDAY WORLD WANTS WORK
MONDAY MORNING WONDERS

DIED.
REYNOLDS.—On Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1903.
THOMAS REYNOLDS.
Funeral from his late residence, 228
East 27th st., on Friday, Jan. 1, 1904,
at 2 P. M. Interment, Calvary Cemetery.

Laundry Wants—Female.
IRONER—First-class family ironer; steady
work. 405 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn.

SUNDAY WORLD WANTS WORK
MONDAY MORNING WONDERS